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HEAD PRESS
BOOKLETS
NO. VI

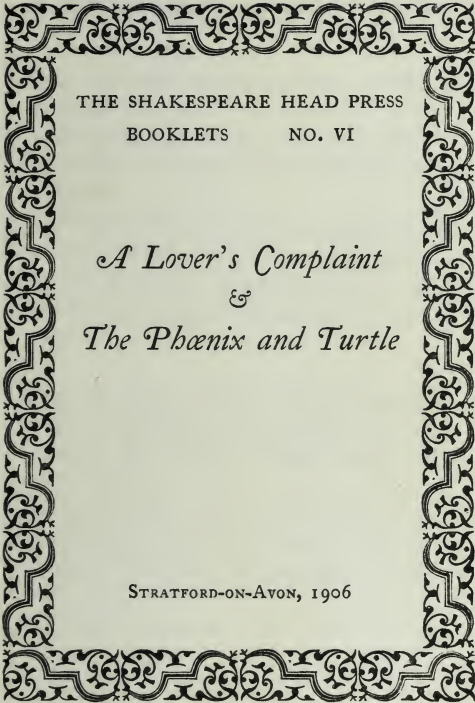
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT
&
*THE PHŒNIX AND
TURTLE*

STRATFORD-ON-AVON
1906

THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
BOOKLETS

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The Phoenix and Turtle.*



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A Lover's Complaint
&
The Phœnix and Turtle

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, 1906



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A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

From off a hill whose concave womb re-
worded

A plaintive story from a sistering vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice ac-
corded,

And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale ;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and
rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think some-
time it saw

The carcass of a beauty spent and done :
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of heaven's
fell rage,

Some beauty peept through lattice of sear'd
age.

Foundation (Sings)

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguisht woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage
ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To th' orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fixt,
The mind and sight distractedly commixt.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;
For some, untuckt, descended her sheaved
 hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from
 thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess
 begs all.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave
the flood ;

Crackt many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kist, and often 'gan to tear ;
Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear !
Ink would have seem'd more black and
damned here !"

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“Father,” she says, “though in me you behold

The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgement I am old ;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

“But, woe is me ! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature’s outwards so commended,
That maidens’ eyes stuck over all his face :
Love lackt a dwelling, and made him her
place ;

And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged, and newly deified.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;

And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.

What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :
Each eye that saw him did enchant the
mind ;

For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

“Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
His phoenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd
to wear :

Yet show'd his visage by that cost more
dear ;

And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof
free ;

Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though
they be.

His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

“Well could he ride, and often men would
say,

‘That horse his mettle from his rider takes :
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course,
what stop he makes !’

And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by th’ well-doing steed.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“But quickly on this side the verdict went :
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplisht in himself, not in his case :
All aids, themselves made fairer by their
place,
Came for additions ; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by
him.

“So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher
weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will :

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he
haunted :

Consents bewitcht, ere he desire, have
granted ;

And dialogued for him what he would say,
Askt their own wills, and made their wills
obey.

“Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
Like fools that in th’ imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought
assign’d ;

And labouring in more pleasures to bestow
them

Than the true gouty landlord which doth
owe them :

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“So many have, that never toucht his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in
art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk, and gave him all my
flower.

“Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the
foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“But, ah, who ever shunn’d by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, ’gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

“Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others’ proof;
To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgement stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry, ‘It is thy
last.’

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“For further I could say, ‘This man’s untrue,
true,’
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others’ orchards
grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but
art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

“And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he ’gan besiege me: ‘Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling
pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That’s to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call’d unto,
Till now did ne’er invite, nor never woo.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;
Love made them not : with acture they may
be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind :
They sought their shame that so their shame
did find ;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

“Among the many that mine eyes have
seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as
warmed,
Or my affection put to th' smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charmed :
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was
harm'd ;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was
free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“Look here, what tributes wounded fancies
sent me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood ;
Figuring that they their passions likewise
lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd
mood ;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encampt in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

“And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleacht,
I have received from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseecht),
With the annexions of fair gems enricht,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“The diamond,—why, ’twas beautiful and
hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend ;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh re-
gard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
The heaven-hued sapphire, and the opal
blend
With objects manifold : each several stone,
With wit well blazon’d, smiled or made
some moan.

“Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them
not,
But yield them up where I myself must ren-
der,
That is, to you, my origin and ender ;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“O, then, advance of yours that phraseless
hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of
praise ;
Take all these similes to your own com-
mand,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did
raise ;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you ; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

“Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
A sister sanctified, of holiest note ;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms
dote ;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence re-
move,
To spend her living in eternal love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“But, O my sweet, what labour is't to
leave

The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives,—

Paling the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained
gyves?

She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her
might.

“O, pardon me, in that my boast is true :
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly :
Religious love put out Religion's eye :
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“How mighty, then, you are, O, hear me tell!

The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among :
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

“My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they t' assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place :
O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“When thou impresses, what are precepts
worth

Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst
sense, 'gainst shame;

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

“Now all these hearts that do on mine de-
pend,

Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they
pine;

And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst
mine,

Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.’

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my
face ;

Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd
apace :

O, how the channel to the stream gave
grace !

Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing
roses

The flame through water which their hue
encloses.

“O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear !
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?
O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extinture
hath.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference
bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

“In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swoounding paleness; and he takes and
leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoond at tragic
shows:

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would
maim :

Against the thing he sought he would ex-
claim ;

When he most burnt in heart-wisht luxury,
He preacht pure maid, and praised cold
chastity.

“Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd ;
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so
lover'd ?

Ay me ! I fell ; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

“O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so
 glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid !”

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :—
Love and constancy is dead ;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.

THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt this turtle and his queen :
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight ;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded ;

THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE

Leaving no posterity :—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

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